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Lindsay at Dawn

MYRON HARDY JR.

I lie limp, limbs bare.

Drawn into a visiting, wanting brown stare,
transfixed. My chest rising, falling, thumping three by
three.

I'm anxious to measure a sorority heartbeat,
unwilling to wait on another spring break.

Because she speaks of catching a 7:00a.m flight
I refuse dawn—tracing curves, stars, and moons,
Stretching the night long, warm and holding.
Strong again, our breast meet.

Together our rhythm pulsates in sync.

I know you now inside and out;

and you know how Michigan feels mid-March.

Twice limp I lie less youthful than before,
aware of your life, after a short while, wanting to
know more.

Bodies in bed become one flesh.

Basking in sweat twice tired thinking rest,
a thought I repress to hold back the sun.

Against the light of morning I fight, bobbing and
weaving resisting sleep,

a rest that will modulate the music in me.

A rest that will transpose jazz tunes into blues
if I awake to the sound of my own heartbeat.